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# A PLEA FOR THE PHILIPPINES.

(Published by the author because of his inability to otherwise reach the public.)

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Between the United States and Spain,  
In eighteen ninety-eight, war did reign.  
It was not much of a war,  
No such battles we saw.  
As in the Civil strife,  
Where real war was rife;  
That is, on the land.  
On the seas our command  
Did battles have that were no holiday task;  
Not long, but fierce while they did last.  
The result was territory wrested from Spain,  
Territory, over which she long did reign.  
But in her reign there was no good,  
For the people who under her banner stood  
Were victims of a miserable power,  
A power that grew worse every day and hour.  
The Spanish possessions in the West we gained,  
Those in the East, as well, where she reigned—  
Reigned four hundred years with low power,  
Where ignorance and vileness did tower—  
Tower over and above all that was good and fair—  
Fair was the land, but for humanity there was no care.  
A few strong, designing and soulless men  
Conducted the affairs of the Philippines then.  
There was no advance; ignorance was bliss;  
So then it was folly to be wise; progress they did resist.  
The men who their guides and leaders would be,  
Blind guides were they; bound, not free.  
Bound to superstition's ways,  
With low culture all their days.  
Schools, roads and instruction along all lines  
Were needed; not the continuation of conditions that chimes  
With the low medieval days,  
And continuation of old Spanish ways,

But the introduction of the modern school, roads,  
Instruction in the hygienic codes.

A class of men in these isles did rule

Who had no respect for the grandeur of the school,

The school of modern days,

But only for the ancient school with its low ways—

Ways that taught some religion, but was not free,

Nor true to what true religious teaching should be.

The medieval plan was narrow in its scope,

About it there was little hope,

Little hope for humanity and the state;

Their ways and their doings were out of date.

The road to establish communication between the parts

Is one of the most essential features to connect the marts.

The road is a most civilizing feature,

It opens the way to the teacher;

Not only to the teacher of the school,

But the enlightenment that comes by no special rule.

As soon as the United States of the Philippines got control,

The spirit of the West went there with its whole soul.

Men for trade also went, but that, too, was good,

To buy and to sell as one should;

Free to barter, without restraint or toll,

Is also an educational feature that doth control,

And further the advancement of man in all states.

Trade hath its victories and important traits—

Traits that are essential to the world's progress;

So it should not be belittled, for on it does rest

Much that is important, much that human nature develops best.

The Western World for centuries has given its treasure

To develop that which is most noble in human nature.

The principles of Civilization they have sought to spread,

And generous charity have the soul and body fed—

Fed the heathen of distant shores.

And endeavored in them to plant the spirit that adores

The Creator, to educate and reveal the higher life,

To the benighted ones whose lives were rife

With the spirit of darkness and low desires—

Desires that were inherited from their base sires.

Now when good fortune threw upon us the chance

To assist this poor benighted race, and to enhance

Their good, many good Christian men would all our good efforts  
debase,

Their sympathy was for the low native, not for their own race.

Their acts said, leave these people to their fate,

And let them be a prey to those who our ways hate;

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Let some other power come in and overthrow our rule,  
 And do away with our development, our church and school.  
 In such sentiment is there anything grand or good,  
 To let these poor people become a prey to those who would  
 Over them harshly rule, and deprive them of hope;  
 A hope that would enlarge their scope  
 For improvement and civilization's ways,  
 Whereby they could learn, in these modern days,  
 Of ways that would open to them the door  
 That shall lead them on to ways that adore.  
 The great Creator, and instruct them in the higher ways,  
 Kept from them so long by the low, evil days  
 That old Spain, with her medieval power,  
 Kept them four hundred years in ignorance, up to the very hour  
 When Dewey, with our guns and our brave brothers behind them,  
 Struck down that medieval power that never should have been,  
 That never should have been allowed to curse the fair land,  
 But the night is past, and salvation is at hand.  
 While the navy captured the Spanish force on the sea,  
 Our brave army, with its banner of the free,  
 Conquered the land forces, and established good rule,  
 Whereby the noble army of teachers of the modern school  
 Redeemed the land that was so long in darkness kept,  
 While the majority of our citizens did them sustain, many wept—  
 Wept crocodile tears because of our exertion to do  
 What was our simple duty towards those men of brown hue.  
 Towards them our army was kind; it did not oppress,  
 It labored for their good, and was ever ready wrong to suppress;  
 But this kindness was often repaid by treacherous deeds  
 On the part of these men who from our soldiers good will receive.  
 But this on the part of the Mugwump element was never condemned,  
 It only condemned our soldiers who were there to defend  
 The Filippinos from enemies who stood ready to renew the oppression  
 of old Spain.  
 Our army was not there as a foe, but as a friend,  
 That doth with kindness ever blend.  
 Its power with the old knight errant spirit of good will—  
 Good will, and the peace, yet the tyrant kill.  
 Instruct them in the higher principles of life  
 That shall give them a better advantage in the strife.  
 Life is strife, and the better are we enforced  
 The more advantageous it is, even though it costs  
 Much to gain the desired prize,  
 For all that is worth living for therein lies.  
 The sun in his course ever towards the west does go,  
 It shines o'er the earth and makes it all aglow—

Aglow with beauty, warmth and power.  
The Great Spirit doth ever upon us shower  
His blessing and His might,  
By His power the day follows the night.  
What we have accomplished in the Wesetrn Hemisphere,  
Let it go forth and improve our Eastern territory, and it cheer—  
Cheer the hearts and homes of the people of the Philippines,  
And make their territory a place where the fraternal, glad sun shines—  
Which as a part of the United States so free—  
Shall to them ever be a land of liberty.

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